

Tourist Nomura

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Japan's cover of Pearl Harbor time ends
Americans friendly on first trip here since '41.

By STEWART BRONFIELD

ADMIRAL KICHIRO ABUO NORIYA, Japan's Ambassador to the United States at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack, has been living in an apartment in New York for the past four months. The 76-year-old former diplomat, on his short trip to this country since December, 1941, finds New Yorkers and Americans generally a remarkably friendly lot, and is enjoying thoroughly the trip he made "to shake hands with all who have remained true friends before and after the war," and to conclude a deal for American publication of his memoirs.

He is often asked, as he was the other day, the terrible question about Pearl Harbor. He sighed and admitted, as he had claimed for twenty years, that he was "surprised and surprised" to stay "safe" when Japanese planes bombed Pearl Harbor at the very moment he was taking passage to America.

"I told them," he recalled recently, "that I might be called back at any time, but there would only be talk and no more talk." That's all I told them, that when America and the United States would not attack Tokyo, and the Japanese would not attack San Francisco."

There is a whisper now, however, that when Nomura and his special envoy from Japan, Baron Kido, visited Washington recently, they were told that the Japanese would not attack San Francisco.

That is the story, and it is the story of the Japanese, according to the experts. However, many members dispute this story. In them, Mr. Eustis reveals that his duty was directed not at the diplomats. Finally, but at the "pence" side they carried. Nomura, referring to this occasion later, called himself "the worst-diformed Ambassador in history."

SINCE Pearl Harbor Nomura has been a quiet shadow for twenty years. He recently accepted the post of president of Victor Records of Japan, Ltd., which distributes R.O.A.'s records in the Orient. Until this assignment, Nomura had been out of headlines and conversations here and in seclusion, "Nomura explains.

New York, he notes, has changed greatly since Al Smith showed him around the town many years ago. But not, he adds, New Yorkers themselves. He frequently returns back to their friendliness. "I go to Central Park," he says, "to sit on the chairs there. Many people come up to go and speak to me. That is very friendly, isn't it? When I was at the U. N. building, I

became thirsty and looked for a cold drink. I saw the 'automat' there with cherry and orange soda, but I did not know how to do with it, and stood there looking at it. A young fellow came up, put it in a can, and offered me an orange drink. New Yorkers, you see, they are most friendly."

Nomura hasn't eaten at the only Japanese restaurant in New York. He prefers taking his meals at dining rooms because he says, "it is more interesting and the waitresses are pretty. This is a custom, he revealed. Next year back to the same place again, he said. "I am going to have a different place, though, where they serve Japanese food. I am going to have the sort of Japanese food that the Japanese people like."

The Japanese general he met, must become more honest, "or a Japanese does not know a thing, he will not admit it. He says nothing. He is like me, standing in front of the national/ not knowing what to do and not acting."

Asked about reports that the most militant Communists in Japan were actually Koreans, he said: "Yes. There are only a few thousand Communists reported in Japan. But scattered in there are almost one million."

He remarked that he has shaken hands with six of our Presidents since he first came to Washington during Roosevelt's administration. "Would he shake the hand of President Eisenhower before returning to Tokyo?" "I don't know if I am not only a private citizen or an old army commander. I wouldn't want to take the high,"

A speech at Carnegie University at the request of an exchange professor there and a trip to Franklin D. Roosevelt's tomb at Hyde Park with Mrs. Roosevelt were the highlights of his limited schedule. "At '76," he smiled, "my boat awaits me early each spring."